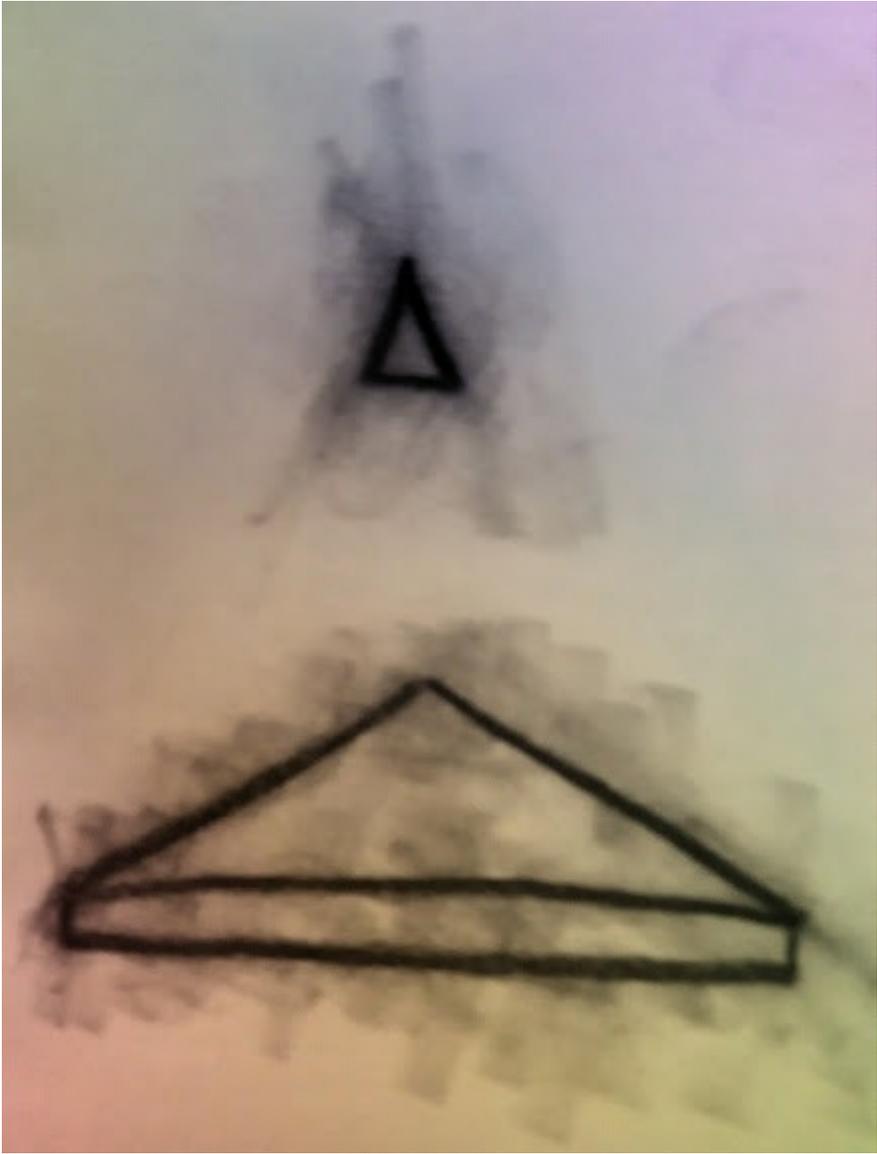


The  
writing is  
on the  
wall

Ajahn Kalyāno

*‘marked in charcoal  
by the itinerant soul’*



the old monks simply forgot  
and learning just this  
sadness within hooded cloister  
scrolled with respect

red ribbon thought  
once illuminated  
locked the library  
and the heart was itself  
and by itself  
illuminated  
in place of thought  
here in the silence  
before everything  
here in the pastel, echoed garden  
where knowing is itself known  
by eyes so very gently downcast



the sun is shining  
the snow is melting  
pushing its way slowly  
through the dust at the roadside

the breeze is cold from the West  
not beyond the grip of winter  
the winter heart is still and cool  
a little sombre  
just a little  
and would be happy to remain so

yet earth and water mingling  
over endless hours  
brings birth between light and earth  
of plants and flowers  
truth of symmetry and grace  
reaching out into space

they are gathered in turn  
by the carrier bag beasts...  
vaguely tingling  
bags within bags  
gathering warmth  
in gentle fermentation  
gaining the eye that draws together  
a different light and earth  
the light of the mind  
and the earth of the body  
for the sake of truth more stable  
to be offered at the Lord's table  
patterns of space that die not with the dying  
nor that are born with the dead returning  
hear them gently sighing  
the Lord's voice echoes forever  
held by the stillness of knowing  
where truth is colour without light  
and shape without substance  
within the bright mind



further within than the kingdom of dreams  
the dead land lost between reason and sense  
the 'why' stolen by the sleepy eye  
the 'why' that craves birth  
in the solid earth  
beyond its reach  
the failing mind that we must teach...

"we think our words may possess the world  
yet the truth of the world belongs to the world

we must find our own truth  
a truth that frees and is free  
in the mind that reaches not through the eye  
to touch and be touched  
but opens from the heart  
as we awake  
for heaven's sake

there is life within  
further within  
eternal life  
to be found  
in eternal truth  
unbound

in the mind beyond birth  
that would defeat the earth"

listening to light  
no distance appears to passive sight  
receiving  
here at the eye  
here at the body  
standing

truth from the sky-wires  
of the open mind  
echoes from heaven  
back to the heart

a glitter of seas  
a tremble of leaves  
a flight of birds  
a stumble of words



and for the body, carried along  
impatience is the heaviness of life -  
yet hinging on knees and elbows  
swivelled on hips  
weight that falls, relaxed, clutches not at the mind  
but merely waits, patiently to be  
placed



and thus the body may be delivered  
and deliver the truth  
the ultimate anarchy  
of graffiti from heaven..

marked in charcoal  
by the itinerant soul  
daubed in a dash  
in chalky white ash  
by sorcerers' fingers  
scribbled in lipstick  
by runaway stockings

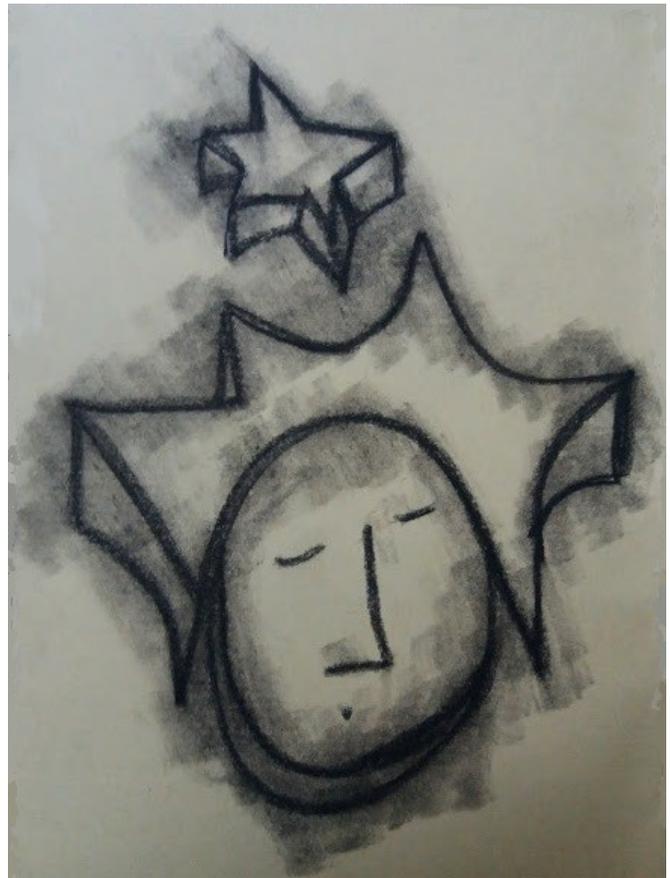
the writing is on the wall

why?  
when love already knows it all

because there is a wall  
inside us all  
an animal wall  
of dreads and curses  
hidden under the sheets  
by scrupulous inner nurses  
of tricks and treats  
chasing us along the busy streets  
until we collapse in the sofa of consoling verses

and the animal body  
is thus filtered out of our mind  
like a Sunday turd  
how absurd!  
when, in truth, it only amounts  
to a single word

oh, body  
the wall  
must fall



there is truth and true love  
beyond the wall  
and, meanwhile  
love underneath it all

love that always knew  
and will forever know  
only the animal dies

and the body of mud and blood  
is squeezed  
and squeezed out

the wanton fist of focus  
helpless  
rests open

and revealed in white  
the gush of a timeless horizon



*Sincerely,*

*Aj. K*



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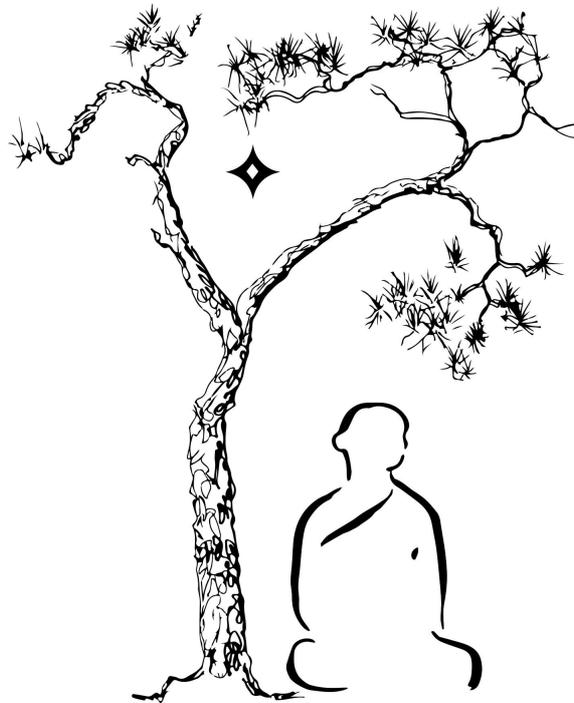
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